



SAINT PETER'S LODGE:

SERIO-COMI-LEGENDARY TALE.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.



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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SAINT PETER'S LODGE



CHURCH OF SAINT PETER

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SAINT PETER's LODGE:

A SERIO-COMI-LEGENDARY TALE.

IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

By the Author of the REGISTER-OFFICE.

An honest Man's the noblest work of God. POPE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for L. DAVIS, Holborn; J. and T. ECERTON,

Whitehall; and J. BEW, Paternoster-Row.

M,DCCLXXXVI.

SAINT PETER'S LODGE:

A SERIO-COM-LEGENDARY TALE.

In Illustration of the

By the Author of the RASHER-OVER.

As found near the ruins of the old tower.



London: Printed by L. Davis, Holborn; J. and T. Richardson,

Whitehall; and J. Bury, Paternoster-Row.

M.DCCCXXXVII.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE, Prince of WALES.

S I R,

I have assum'd the liberty of dedicating the following Poem to the HEIR-APPARENT of the BRITISH Crown, without his knowledge or permission. In extenuation of such freedom, I hope I may be allow'd to plead a long and invariable Attachment to the ILLUSTRIOUS House of HANOVER,

As I have never been us'd to pace in the trammels of Flattery, I shall not even attempt a Display of that LIBERAL turn of mind, which characterizes the PRINCE of WALES, lest

vi **DEDICATION.**

Truth should have the appearance
of Flattery.

After this declaration I must be
totally silent on the many accom-
plishments, which adorn the PRINCE
and the MAN.

When Heaven shall summon your
ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER to enjoy the
reward of his public and private Vir-
tues, and the SUBJECT is raised to
the SOVEREIGN, I sincerely wish
that your royal Highness may, during
YOUR WHOLE reign, justly acquire the
NOBLEST of all earthly titles, that of
a PATRIOT-KING.

DEDICATION. vii

If a Perusal of the following Poem should luckily afford your ROYAL HIGHNESS the least pleasure or entertainment, I shall think myself amply rewarded for the time I have spent in its composition.

I beg leave to have the honour of subscribing myself,

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESSES

fellow-subject, and most

obedient humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

DEDICATION

A Letter to the following

should be read with your

interest in the least pleasure or

to them I shall think myself

rewarded for the time I have spent

in his composition.

Yours truly

I beg leave to have the honour of

subscribing myself

your obedient servant

Yours truly

Yours truly

Yours truly

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SAINT PETER'S LODGE:

A

SERIO-COMI-LEGENDARY TALE.

The P R O E M.

In *monkish* times, when Priests could boast
Thro' *Christendom* they rul'd the roast;
And Man, by sacerdotal knav'ry,
Was blindly kept in mental slav'ry,
'Gainst Orthodoxy 'twas high treason
To set up that *Pretender*, REASON;
And why? Priests thought it the sole Foe,
That could their juggle overthrow.

B

The Wretch, unhappily detected
 With Reason's *Heresy* infected,
 Was almost sure his life to drag out
 In chains, or die by fire and fagot.

But, thanks to Heaven and *Reformation*,
 We're not in such sad situation.
 Our Reason we may exercise
 In combating those specious lies,
 Which Priest-craft had so long been brewing
Sans fear of corp'ral *Barbecuing*.

Yet in this Isle, by Authors quoted
 For liberty of Conscience noted,
 No prudent Man will dare t'attack
 Such of her Churches rites, as smack
 Of ROME's blind faith, and owe their rise
 To *popish* bigotry, and lies;

Left *priestly* rage should gall and fret him,
 Or * ANNETT-like in pillory fet him,
 Even a smart Comment on † *that* Creed,
 From which I wish our Church were freed,
 Might send its author to have hide well
 Curried in Newgate, or in Bridewell.

Some Priests will tell a congregation
 The *only* hope of Man's Salvation
 Depends on Faith : Of *moral* duties
 They seldom deign to paint the beauties.
 That Faith *alone* has power to save
 A vicious rake or crafty knave
 I disbelieve—But, turn the tables,
 In spite of all religious fables,

* Mr. Annett was pilloried for making too *free* with the
Pentateuch.

† Athanasian Creed.

I must suppose a fellow-creature
 Of blameless life and social nature,
 Whose Reason was his Guide and Guard,
 Will meet in Heaven a blest Reward,
 Tho' he ne'er paid the least attention
 To tales of clerical invention,

That such opinion LOCKE and NEWTON
 Embrac'd, we scarce can raise dispute on:
 Of this opinion too (uncommon
 In one, who liv'd and died a *Roman*)
 Was tuneful POPE: that happy Bard
 A moral life to faith preferr'd:
 An honest Man his verse hath shew'd
 To be the noblest work of God,

But hark!--A Critic cries, Your poem
 Is hurt by this confounded proem,

To keep your reader in suspense, Sir,
Must make you liable to censure.

Why will you thus your tale with-hold?

E'er now it might have been half-told.

'Twas wrong to moralize before You
Had put a period to your story.

You rob the Moral of its force

By putting Cart before the Horse.

To such warm Critic this my answer—

You wilfully mistake my plan, Sir :

Or on my lines you surely pore ill,

To take the Proem for the Moral.

Your hint, on keeping in suspense

My Readers, speaks the Man of Sense.

I humbly thank you for the Comment,

And shall begin my Tale this moment.

The T A L E.

A R G U M E N T.

Saint PETER in his easy chair
 Sits dozing : to his Lodge repair
 Souls made immortal : He inspects
 Their Passports : asks their several Sects ;
 And, after some confabulation,
 Shows each where lies his heavenly station.

Some Spirits, (by Death's Act of Grace
 Happily freed from corp'ral case)
 To whom due Passports had been given,
 Join'd on the Road that leads to Heaven.
 After some complimentary Greeting
 Upon th' occasion of their meeting,

They fell into familiar chat
 On various Subjects, this and that:
 What they had seen and known on Earth,
 From *Cradle* to their *second Birth*.
 Pleas'd and quite happy in each other,
 'Twas every word, dear friend, or brother.

Not long this social converse lasted,
 Till squabbles on Religion blast it.
 Happening to touch that jarring string,
 Their new-made fellowship takes wing.
 They argued, wrangled, and contended;
 While stiffly each his Sect defended.
 At last among the Group arose
 Zeal's *Ratio ultima*, dry blows:
 But Ghosts, whate'er their wish or will,
 Can neither bruise, draw blood, nor kill.

Tho' they from morn to night with Sabre
 Or Fist each other shall belabour,
 The long-contested Combat closes
Sans wounds, black eyes, or bloody noses.

These Bigots were all fire and flame
 Till to Saint PETER'S Lodge they came.

This holy *Swiss*, in such renown
 For *golden Key*, and *triple Crown*,
 Morn, noon, and night sits at Heaven's portal
 To let in Souls, when made immortal.
 He heard them beating rap, rap, rap ;
 With noise less loud than thunder-clap,
 Or *John's*, when he on *knocker* plays
 A *Solo* to announce her *Grace* ;,
 Yet loud enough, so many rapping,
 To keep the drowsy Saint from napping.

The heavenly Porter cries, Who's there
That knocks with such a lordly air?

An Israelitish Spirit answers,
We come to join in bliss our Grandfires :
I therefore beg you'll ope the wicket,
And give admittance—here's my ticket.

He opes the door with, Who are You?

The Spirit of a zealous *Jew*,
Who hopes to find your favor greater
Upon account of SIMON PETER,
Your honour's brother I suppose?

Well what of him?

As story goes,

C

Your fellow-labourer in Heaven's vineyard
 Revengefully lugg'd out his whinyard,
 And maim'd an * Ancestor of mine,
 From whom I spring in a right line :
 But that is so long since, no doubt
 'Tis from your memory cross'd out.

Prithee explain thyself, or sheer off.

Then in few words he slic'd an ear off.
 'Twas when your *Master* was betray'd
 By *Judas*, and to trial led.
 You may remember, when they'd tried him,
 With imprecations you denied him ;
 For which your conscience a smart shock
 Felt at the crowing of a cock.

* Malchus,

His Saintship blush'd as red as scarlet
 To be thus nonpluss'd by a Varlet.
 He had not such a choak-pear met
 Since he was station'd at the Gate,
 After some pause, Your road, he cries,
 To ABRAHAM'S district that way lies.
 To each Religion, every Sect
 A sep'rate bound'ry we select;
 For, should they meet, eternal squabble
 Would render Heaven a second *Babel*.

The Saint another shade addresses:—
 What Church was most in your good graces?

An't please your Worship, cries the Shade,
 In *Romish* tenets I was bred.
 That Church, to which I trusted solely,
 Is held *infallible*, and holy;

And, if our Guides we may rely on,
 The *only* road to heavenly ZION.
 No Church but *Rome's*, her virtue such is,
 Can save Mankind from *Satan's* clutches.
 She's founded on a Rock—

Hold, Friend!
 Nor thus thy breath on trifles spend.
 Behold yon place—Heaven has assign'd it
 To fools like thee by Popery blinded.
 Some *Popes*, some *Cardinals* thou'lt view there
 Who would have carbonado'd *Luther* :
 Some learned *Bishops*, and some less Wits;
 Nay—what's scarce credible—some *Jesuits*.

A *Puritan* his Pass presented.

Friend, with your faith make me acquainted

CALVIN, who led the *Rich* and *Rabble* on
 Against the *scarlet Whore* of *Babylon*,
 (That *Antichrist* foretold in Scripture)
 And of much annual Income stript her,
 Founded the Sect, which I was train'd in,
 And till my dying day remain'd in.
 Aided by heavenly Inspiration
 He taught the *true* Road to Salvation.
 His holy doctrines must illuminate
 All darken'd Minds, that on them ruminat---
 I fought the Lord as He directed,
 And long have been by Heaven *elected*.

Too much you to yourself ascribe---
 That Path will lead you to your Tribe;
 There you will find reforming *Calvin*,
 Whose hopes of Heaven would have been all
 vain.

Had not *Servetus*' warm entreaty
 Obtain'd his pardon of the Deity;
 For which your *Founder*, when he meets him,
 With conscious blushes shily greets him.
 If Justice had his Guilt pursu'd
 Firmly demanding blood for blood,
Servetus-like this murderous Snake
 Had kick'd the bucket at the stake.

This said, he asks another Spirit,
 Friend, your religion?

You shall hear it.

I'm a *Mahometan*, a stanch one,
 And wish to reach our Prophet's mansion;
 T'enjoy the blessings, which await
 His Followers in a future state:

Variety of *Nymphs* divine,
And plenty of delicious *Wine*.

Your Prophet, Friend, was a complete
Enthusiast, and no doubt a Cheat.
How can your Sect think his Religion
From Heaven was brought him by a *Pigeon*?
His bill of fare of blifs eternal
Is false, voluptuous, and carnal.
Let him say what he will in's KORAN,
Heaven is no place to *drink* and *whore* in---
But enter, Sir, and look about you;
Th' abode of *Mussulmen* I'll shew t'you----
Behold---more to the left---yon tract;
It is extensive, yet compact,
Resembling in its form a *Crescent*:
Much happiness may you possess in't!

You'll reach it in an hour at most, Sir,
And join the Shade of your *Impostor*.

Whose turn is next?

Friend PETER, mine.

You look as stiff as a Divine
Of pedant class, yet a dull Writer,
Just elevated to the Mitre.

Friend, thou hast quite mistook thy Man.
I'm not of the pedantic clan,
But of that peaceful friendly tribe
Of Christians, *Quakers* call'd in gibe.
Our faith thou know'st, however oddly
'Tis mock'd and treated by th' Ungodly,

Is simple, pure, and apostolic,
 From priest-craft freed and rites symbolic.
 All insults in our breasts we smother ;
 When one Cheek's smit, we turn the other.
 We're meek, devout : each day is pass'd,
 As if we knew 'twould be our last.
 We never preach for tithes or hire :
 Canst thou say this of Priest, or Friar ?
 Nay will the *Pope*, call'd Heaven's Vicegerent
 By those to *Romish* faith adherent,
 Will He, this fly *Wolf* in *Sheep's* clothing,
 His *Rostrum* mount, and preach for *nothing* ?

But to be brief. I cross'd th' *Atlantic*
 Even twice (some Scoffers thought me frantic)
 To preach Repentance, for which few care,
 And this without one hope of *Lucre* :

Nay at th' expence of worldly store,
Can either Thee, or *Paul* say more?

At such blunt question piqued th' Apostle,
Thinking himself us'd by the Ghost ill,
To an Attendant cries, Direct
This preaching Prig to his meek Sect;
That Sect, particularly known in
These Regions by their sighs and groaning.

Simeon, with equal warmth, replied,
Show me the path, I'll have no Guide :
Assisted by my *inward light*,
I'll find the mansion, tho' 'twere night.

That is the path ; tho' dark, 'tis straight :
There's *Fox* and *Barclay* on the gate,

Knock loud: keep on the portal drumming;
Or, such a din of groans and humming
Incessantly runs thro' the ward,
'Tis ten to one you'll not be heard.

Off in starch'd air *meek Simeon* went,
Grumbling in's gizzard at the Saint.

Another Shade makes its appearance----

Well, to what Church was your adherence?

Most holy Saint, my lucky hap 'tis

To be----

Be what?

An Anabaptist.

Of *Greek* and *Hebrew* I am master,
 And thirty years have been a Pastor.
 Our godly Sect has a more sure hope
 Of Heaven, than any Church in *Europe*.
 Of Sin original, and offences,
 To which the youthful mind propense is,
 We're cur'd by *Dipping* : None but We
 Are from such double load set free----
 That Water is of Purifying
 An Emblem, there is no denying :
 Does it not follow then, the *wetter*
 A *baptiz'd* Christian's made, the better ?
 Who can believe a drop or two,
Sprinkled on cheeks, nose, eyes, or brow,
 To the whole body will dispense
 Its purifying influence ?
 Sin often takes up its head quarters
 Betwixt the navel and the garters ;

Then to dislodge and drive it out,
 The *Sprinkling* should be *thereabout*.
 What Man, to cure a broken *shin*,
 Applies a plaster to his *chin*?
 Or pops his *nose* in pail of water
 To rid his *feet* of dirty matter?
 Now, as thro' ADAM's *misdemeanor*,
 From *Crown* to *Sole* we all unclean are,
 Nothing from such pollution clears,
 But Dipping over head and ears.

If you my Thesis should dispute,
 By parable I'll make it out.

Suppose some Wags should strip me naked,
 (No matter, Saint, how I would take it)
 And roll me o'er and oe'r in dirt,
 Till black as chimney-sweeper's shirt,

Could I get cleans'd of the disgrace
By sprinkling water on my face?
No : my skin's whiteness to recover
I must be dipp'd, and sowz'd *all-over*.

My Friend, for Me you're too sophistic :
All Reasoning should be plain, not mystic.
Since water is a type divine
Of cleansing *Babes* from *Adam's Sin*,
One *drop*, us'd in baptismal lotion,
Will do as well as a whole *Ocean*-----
But of your *moral* life pray speak?

I kept two Sabbaths every week.
Two Sabbaths? why would You enlist ye in
Two modes of faith, *Jewish* and *Christian*?

Speak to that point——Yet there's no need

In my inquiries to proceed——

In *over-righteous* folks I never

Could find a *truly-moral* Liver :

Their ardent zeal for holy trifles

The Sense of moral duties stifles——

Could we such zeal like liquors barrel,

(I mean not to offend, or quarrel)

Then run it off from bung or spigot,

'Twould be the Froth of a blind Bigot——

Here!—Show this learned Shade the place

Affign'd to th' *Anabaptist* race——

In it a Rivulet you'll find, Sir,

Not half so broad as *Thames* at *Windfor*,

Whose Water is as clear as Gin ;

At bottom you may see a pin :

'Tis but breast-high—no fear of drowning——

Celestial flowers its border crowning :

Wherefore, if You're still fond of Dipping,
It is but off with clothes, and slip in.

The Ghost departed with his Guide,
And not a little mortified.

He mutter'd as he march'd, This Saint is
Scarce wiser than a Barber's 'Prentice ;
Of Intellects he has small share, or
I had convinc'd him of his error.

A Shade advances---With surprize
Th' Apostle views him, and thus cries,
Well, your religion, Sir?

The right one.

That aspect is enough to fright one.

From
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Call

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How?

It is,

From look so gloomy I suspect
You're one of that deluded Sect,
Call'd *Methodists*.

Saint, no asperſion—
I am—thank Heaven for my Converſion.
That I was born in fin 'tis true;
And, with ſubmiſſion, ſo were You.
But I've been purified by *Grace*;
You ſee the marks on't in my face:
I'm now of the *regenerate* claſs.

Well, no more words—Show me your Paſs;
I queſtion *Methodiſts* more cloſely:
I ſpeak in earneſt, not jocoſely—
How? Hang'd himſelf?—Can this be true?

It is, good Saint; but nothing new.

Despair so often o'er us stretches
 Its veil, that we're our own *Jack Ketches*.
 Yet, in my Suicide, Despair is
 As innocent as new-born Heirefs.
 I fear'd that *Satan* to his sultry
 Regions would draw me by Adult'ry.
 He, at our *love-feasts* (a fit crisis
 By carnal pleasures to intice us)
 With such a lustful itch inflam'd me,
 That, but for Suicide, He'd damn'd me.

Thinking this doctrine strange, th' Apostle
 Whistled as loud as lark, or throftle,
 Then cried, Friend, I could wish to hear
 This paradox of yours made clear.

The Ghost replies, I'll make it out
 Beyond all cavil and dispute.

A lovelier female ne'er did Man see
 Than her, who caught my lustful fancy.
 Of fixty turn'd my reverend Guide
 Made her a Convert, then his Bride.
 Her faintly looks at prayer and sermon
 Were such, as could not fail to charm one :
 Her modest air in household station
 Gain'd universal approbation :
 Yet now and then a random glance
 Escap'd her, by design or chance,
 Which this dear Woman indicated
 Not *thoroughly* regenerated.

Twelve months before this Ardour seiz'd me
 The Dame's respectful carriage pleas'd me :
 She frequently would condescend
 To call me her sweet-finging friend.

I struggled long in expectation
 Of conquering my unruly passion :
 Good *Jacob* with the *Angel* scarcely
 Wrestled so stoutly and so fiercely.
 Yet nothing would abate its violence,
 Except——In this excuse my silence.

Unable to subdue my flame,
 I was resolv'd to sound the Dame.
 At our next love-feast, -I sat by her
 Close as to *Nun* the liquorish *Friar* ;
 The candles put out, from a notion
 That darkness animates devotion.
 I prais'd her beauty to the skies ;
 But above all her *speaking* eyes :
 And each accomplishment ran over
 With such a warmth, as spoke the lover.

A wishful sigh this charming Woman
 Breath'd out : I thought it a good omen ;
 And ventur'd, without hesitation,
 T'inform her of my ardent passion ;
 Profess'd myself her warm adorer,
 And all my sufferings laid before her :
 Then squeez'd her hand with such a pressure,
 As told my wishes to caress her.

She instantly return'd the Squeeze,
 Which signal could not fail to please ;
 And strait began my hand to pat on——
 You see 'twas all the work of *Satan*.
 Nothing, good Saint, but time and place
 Was wanting for the wish'd embrace.
 In the next night we both agreed
 To perpetrate th' ungodly deed.

All this in whispers pass'd : no Lift'ner
 Could even a single word take pris'ner.

Your Story, Friend, appears obscene as
 The pagan tale of *Mars* and *Venus* ;
 So many luscious strokes you cram in——
 Proceed—I may have more t' examine.

We parted : I to bed betook me,
 But Sleep, like a false friend, forsook me.
 The pleasing thoughts, of what would happen
 Next night, three hours kept me from napping.
 I fell asleep, and dream'd I view'd
 My poor old Mother in a shroud,
 Who cried, “ My dearest Son, beware
 “ Of falling into *Satan's* snare :
 “ Remember a kind Mother's inkling”——
 Which said, she vanish'd in a twinkling.

I wak'd, much by the dream affected,
And on my pillow thus reflected.

Shall I, t'indulge a lawless lust,
Be so ingratefully unjust
As cuckold Him, to whom I owe
So many obligations?—No.
He chang'd me from a raking *Weaver*
Into a sober stanch *Believer* ;
And made me (an undoubted mark
Of friendship) *tabernacle* Clerk,
By which preferment I got over
My worldly wants, and liv'd in Clover.
Nay he has promis'd me to sound
A Widow, worth three thousand pound,
The Relict of a Tallow-Chandler,
And given me hopes that I shall handle her——

Sooner than make such Friend a Cuckold,
I'd even to *Endor's Witch* be buckled.

I rose ; but knowing 'twould be vain
T'expect deliverance from Lust's chain,
My breast continuing still to burn as
Hotly, as *Daniel's* fiery furnace,
I took a Sermon from the shelf,
Read it, and pray'd——then hang'd myself.

Thus I've by Suicide eschew'd
Adult'ry, and Ingratitude ;
Crimes, which my Soul to Hell had steer'd,
If Conscience had not interfer'd.

My Friend, this Passport's your acquittance,
Or I should scarce grant you admittance.
Your tale—I think it is no lie, Sir——
Has made my Saintship somewhat wiser.

Till now I never thought your Sect
 To *Conscience* paid the least respect,
 As all your hopes of Heaven you place,
 Not in *good works*, but *faith* and *grace*,
Conscience, the Parent of good works,
 You leave to *Pagans*, *Jews*, or *Turks*.
 Among your Tribe 'twill breed a Schism
 Should *It* be join'd to *Methodism*.

Here!---TakethisShade---Conducthimhence
 To *Whitfield's* gloomy residence-----
 Only a flimsy hedge of Yew
 Parts *Calvin's*, and your *Founder's Crew*-----
 But prithee change that rueful visage,
 Which seems of deep Despair the presage:
 Such a dejected Air even tallies
 With look of Murth'rer at the gallows.

The Saint now thought his gate to lock up;
 But seeing a fresh number flock up,
Pagans, Wild-Indians, Negros, Tartars,
 He sent them to their several quarters.
 All these dispatch'd, a modest Shade
 For Entrance mild petition made.

Your Pass, I see, You've had the luck to
 Obtain—Now say what Church you stuck to

With modes of worship discontented,
 Nor Church, nor Chapel I frequented.

Then I may venture, Sir, t'affert
 You're half an Atheist in your heart.

Not so, good Saint—My youthful mind
 To *Calvin's* principles inclin'd;

But, as my Reason stronger grew,
 From *Calvin's* worship I withdrew;
 Convinc'd that every Sect abounded
 In Tenets, on wild notions ground.

If to no Sect or godly Class
 Allied, how could you gain your Pass?

I made, at my examination,
 This brief, yet honest declaration.

To one *supreme, eternal* BEING,
 All-just, all-merciful, all-seeing,
 Man's great CREATOR, SIRE, and FRIEND,
 From whom all benefits descend;
 In whose protection I confided——
 I bow'd, while I on Earth resided;

And strove, as far as human weakness
 Permitted, both in health and sickness,
 To show obedience to *his* Will
 By doing Good, and shunning Ill.
 The Zealots would against me rave,
 All were my *Brethren* to the Grave.

O'er-spread with joy th' Apostle's Phiz is,
 And strait the Spirit's hand he seizes,
 Which shaking heartily, he cries,
 Welcome, good Sir, to Paradise,
 Should we your virtuous life proclaim
 'Twould fill the priestly tribe with shame;
 Or in these Bigots raise some rancour,
 Whose hot-brain'd zeal was their Sheet-Anchor.

Since you the *moral* path have tried,
 Reason and not the *Priest* your Guide,

All mental slavery disdaining,
 Pursuing Good, from Ill abstaining,
 Range wheresoever you're inclin'd,
 To no one spot of bliss confin'd:
 Range thro' these Realms, whose space im-
 mense is,
 And view, in rapture lost your senses,
 The countless wonders Heaven has wrought,
 So far surpassing human thought.

When you've a leisure hour to spend
 In social converse with a Friend,
 Think of my *lodge*, and hither come:
 You'll find me constantly at home.
 You may even stake your Soul to meet here
 A friendly welcome from Saint Peter.
 If I had judg'd like you, my fate
 Had ne'er confin'd me to this Gate.

End of the TALE.

APOLOGY instead of MORAL.

The CRITIC cries, The Tale is ended:
Your Moral, Bard?

I none intended.

No Moral? Then howe'er you strut on
Its Merit, 'tis not worth a button.
Most Fabulists, from GAY to ÆSOP,
When the Tale's wrote a Moral dress up,
This strange omission of the Moral
Is robbing of its Bells the Coral.
'Twill do your business with each Reader.

Critic, in this we not agreed are.
'Twill be to All, at least to Some
A complimentary Sugar-plumb.

The hint I borrow'd from *Dan* GAY,
 Who *without* Moral ends his Play,*
 Yet this arch compliment annexes
 To tickle Readers of both sexes;
 " It has a Moral, and no doubt
 " You've Wit enough to find it out."

* The What d'ye call it.

E N D.

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To tickle Readers of both sexes;

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"You've Wit enough to find it out."



E N D